

HARRY SMITH

(think of the self speaking)

Where to start?
How can it matter—
You have evidence
On every side of you
That you are
The very smartest being
In all this Great Round World.

And can do no wrong at all.

A notion came to me
today at tea time
for, as I gazed
into the liquid
shimmering like a great cod-fish eye in a thimble

It swirled

and so impacted me

with thoughts of "Proust"

"Nonsense"

"I accept and/or reject the

and/or "Truth" (and/or)

"Death" and/or "Beethoven"

that (only that) nagging Freudian thing

referred to by Mathers

as the macroprosopus

and the microprosopus,

(in effect)

as tweaking each other noses.

The Big Nose, being in contact with mine.

As I am, of course, infinity

(It already having been established

that if infinity exists,

God exists)

stale
etc. Purson

Spelle

Wodde

Levy

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stale.

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and thus God & I are one
 this because my
knowledge of God
 (and therefore God,
 as far as any possibility
 of my understanding
 the nature of God-hood)
 and therefore *being* God
 is paradoxically
 totally parallel
 to the existence of God
 and therefore incommensurate.
 This sort of relaxation of the Will
 so typical of our society's
 search for the unguents of the East
 in the form of Swamis,
 Books of the Dead,
 Psychedelic Fungi known
 only from the Heart
 of some Dark Continent for other
 (comp. Blake, "Heart shaped
 Africa" — but isn't this South,
 not East?)
 and, lacking presence of a Star Door
 to crush my (non-perceived, thus non-existent) finger in
 (such finger being possible
 only because it is non-existent)
 and this possible/impossible
 and/or accident
 being the only sure-cure
 for over-indulgence in
 Arthur Avalon,
 T. G. von Strehlow,
 Noam Chomsky,
 Claude Levy-Straus,
 and their ilk;
 the Animal in me surfaced
 the already self-contained,
 non-existent
 two-in-one-in-two

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battle
 of that self that is
 both-or-only Behemoth and/or Leviathan
 so entertaining
 to the blessed, as they
 (like myself at tea
 in the hypothetical
 earlier-today)
 in fact *were* obviously me,
 and thus God, earlier today
 but even more obviously *us*
 in that future "now"
 "when time shall be no more"
 that I rested my eyes where
 "The Sacred State of the Akan"
 should be if I had a copy
 applied the Jimmy-Cliff-
 having-lights-turned-on-
 by-Preacher-
 at-the-word-"shine"
 (comp. L. Armstrong)
 principle, once again,
 to that obviously inferior beadwork
 of the Queen Mother of Ashanti
 (in relation to that of
 [1] Queen Victoria)
 and smiled proudly
 at a hastily achieved thought-form
 of Lord Baden-Powell
 at Bantama writing
 "And a Jolly Good Blaze
 it was too!"
 thanked my lucky stars
 that the
 never-was, never is, never-[will-be
 thread of the Ain Soph
 didn't snap,
 boldly faced the "white
 man's burden" threat,
 (but vowed I would at least

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try the Grandpa-following-
 Northerners-North bit
 a few more times
 before I even attempted
 the Sitting-Bull, Mother-
 Hubbard, Illinois-Ohio axis (again)
 Experienced a decline
 in the Alpha Rhythm
 from that which transformed
 the veritable image of Baden-Powell etc.,
 into my thinking of Sarat Chandra Das
 (himself thinking, within his thought,
 at a high Alpha rate,
 of the pastel
 pink and blue of Mrs. Waddell's
 wash-line, in Darjeeling)
 as he writes of Queen Victoria
 crossing a vertical axis
 and becoming Lha-Mo,
 and thus, safe back in the Orient,
 transform "I have evidence
 on every side of me that
 I am" by crossing this self-same axis,
 now in the form of a mirror,
 and perceiving myself,
 in my "Artless Japanese Fashion"
 as the most beautiful Maid
 in all this Great Round World,
 Gilbert and Sullivan (1 + 1)
 equivalent to Queen Victoria
 and the Lha Mo (2 + 2)
 and thus having returned completely
 from that most distant
 matrix of Complete reversal,
 this time with three,
 instead of two units;
 me generating you,
 you generating God,
 God generating me,
 and thereby, alas,

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with the only real possibility
 being to compare the self with the self, ┌ □
 whether or not that self
 be the self of existence,
 or the self of nothing,
 the first equals the last
 which is, of course, impossible
 (until we reach that point
 when time shall be no more),
 thus there is absolutely no possibility whatsoever ┌ □
 of your having read a poem, *for this*
 only a memory which, perforce,
 no matter how many times
 it may be added to by re-reading it at any point whatsoever,
 in any order whatsoever,
 at any speed whatsoever,
 cannot possibly exist,
 For, as the "Now" is so small
 as to not exist at all
 except as a hypothetical,
 dimensionless nothing of memory,
 oh you who have read this,
 or think you have read this,
 try to prove that you have read it. ┌ □
 For you have not
 and never can [^] S
 no matter how you twist & turn ┌ □
 for this is an impossibly small point
 and you do not exist at all,
 and the feeling you think exists
 does not exist at all;
 and any emotion you feel
 as joy/sadness, love/hate,
 contentment etc.,
 can only be existent
 as the most concentrated paranoia. ┌ □
 So, therefore, if you think you have read this, ┌ □
 or even that you exist,
 you are hopelessly insane;
 this insanity, itself being impossible, ┌ □

so that if you think these words exist,
 or that you exist in any way whatsoever,
 prepare for the most excruciating
 hideous tortures possible,
 for no death, whatsoever,
 can exist where there is nothing,
 and the greatest possible joy
 cannot possibly compensate
 for the pain you will perform experience;
 as the feeling that you exist
 can only be an error,
 and the natural outcome
 of error is remorse.

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Therefore at least try
 to erase this hideously grim future.
 Gulp down any pill or capsule you see or feel,
 no matter how innocent it may look,
 on the remote chance
 it may be poisonous or explosive.
 Start NOW by savagely gouging
 out your own eyes.
 Don't be afraid,
 at least try;

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you will have less chance
 of having any possible way
 of avoiding fires, stairwells,
 open windows on the 30th floor,
 razor-sharp teeth etc. of various descriptions.

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At any event, grab sharp
 knives whenever you can
 and mutilate yourself
 in the most sensitive areas
 of the body possible.

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There is at least a remote chance
 that it may do some small
 bit of good on some day
 so far remote that the prospect
 of incredibly intense pain
 for periods of time so long
 as to be inconceivable,

should steel you to face
the worst at once.

Therefore I again exhort you
to gouge out your eyes
once and for all.

For you do not exist,
I do not exist,

pain does not exist.

Therefore, start this way
to blot out the page
and enter into pain for ever,
death forever,

and horror forever and ever and ever,
for as there is a vestige
of sensation left,

no matter how ever slight,
(you can feel it now)
there is no hope at all.

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